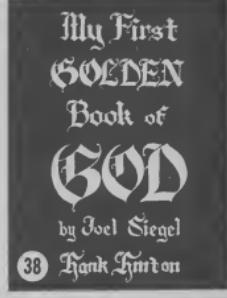
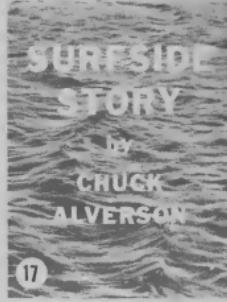
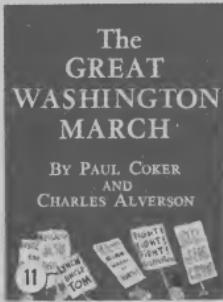


You're dead.



HELP!

VOL. 2, No. 8 FEB. 1964
HARVEY KURTZMAN editor
JAMES WARREN publisher
TERRY GILLIAM associate editor
HARRY CHESTER production



HELP!

FEBRUARY • ICD • 35¢

MISSILE
BUTTON



EDITOR'S PREFACE

FUMETTI

There is an old theory that says: At a given moment all that can possibly go wrong—will. Things weren't quite that bad on the day we shot our sea-side fumetti but it was obvious that someone up there didn't like us. After weeks of beautiful sun-filled days, the weather that day decided to go haywire. From what we were told, Gilgo Beach on Long

Island is considered one of the best surfing areas in the East. We arrived just as surfers from all up and down the coast were beginning to gather for the East Coast Surfing Championship.

But, don't let our balmy beach pictures fool you for a moment. The temperature was in the 40's and a minor gale whipped the ocean up so badly it was impossible to surf. Fortunately for us, our photographer's fast-lensed camera eliminated the vibrations of our goosebumped cast who were being kept conscious only through continual ministrations of scalding coffee and clam Chowder.

Tom Coburn, who plays our hero, is a life guard at Gilgo, and when he's not applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation or shooting the curl, he's promoting surfing movies and renting surfboards. Our heroine is Jackie Pratt, Tom's real-life wahine. The rival gangs are played by Don Thornton, George Fisher, Bob Schet-

tini, Wally Frank, and Mark Forstater—all, save Mark, surfers of the first order, spending every waking moment out on the beach with board and baggies and sun-bleached hair. Mark, unfortunately, lives in Philadelphia.

The skin-diving equipment used in the story was provided by Richards Aqua-Lung Center on Times Square. They are the largest skin-diving equipment store in the East, complete with their own instructors and boat.

COVER

In shooting our cover the object was for a group of desperate men to get a baby to push a button which wasn't really a button, and to do it not once, but several times. At first we considered hiring a 20-year-old midget for our cover model, but then one of New York's finest baby photographers, Josef Schneider, introduced us to David Dean, a remarkable little 17-month-old boy who followed in-



Jackie Pratt



Coburn



Thornton



Fisher



Forstater

LETTERS

The current HELPI is a great issue. I especially liked the cover. It kinda adds class. "Jack Davis Meets the Mets" was great! Davis is a wonderful cartoonist, and he's probably pretty familiar with his subject matter after doing the backs of all those baseball cards.

The Frank Marquez full page deal in the Public Gallery will probably get you a lot of letters from angry religious folks. I take it to be a parody of Spartacus and the mass-crucifixion of hundreds of slaves who attempted to escape. This was obviously Marquez's intent in drawing the gag. But, you'll probably get letters from people who will think that was Christ up there on the cross in the cartoon and they'll probably blast you just like they blasted you when you ran the Mona Lisa on the cover of Mad and they thought it was the Virgin Mary. Anyway, I liked the Marquez gag. "Crucify Him!", shouted Tom, crossly.

Jay Lynch
Roselle, Ill.

You do need Help! We think your so-called cartoon on page 42 of the October issue was far out of line. If Frank Marquez can't think of anything else to joke about, he should not at all be a cartoonist. We also think it was foolish of you to publish such a cartoon. If you or Frank Marquez think it was funny you both have



They'll blast you

a poor sense of humor! The rest of the magazine was fine, but when we looked at that cartoon we realized that it would be our first and last issue of HELPI!

Connie Gunn and
Pat Bergin

I truly think your magazine is

quite funny and entertaining. One must admit that there are a lot of things and people in this world to make fun of—right? Furthermore, I truly think the people behind HELPI are capable of being non-sacredigious with just a little effort! I must say it is pretty bad when a magazine has to use Jesus Christ as part of their comedy! Now, concerning the HELPI readers—I am sure that they are familiar with the stories of Jesus and how he died on the cross. I am quite sure he was not thinking of how much he loved parades. Do you?

My last comment is that HELPI cannot find material other than Jesus to make the public laugh—well, I am sure you know the answer. Please do not think that I am a religious fanatic because I am far from that area. I am simply being truly faithful for once in my life—respectful too.

If the man on the cross is not Jesus Christ then please accept my apology!

Janice May Edmonson

Apology accepted.—eds.

After looking at your book I am now a firm believer of "don't judge a book by its cover." To have this junk on a shelf for youngsters to read and listed as a comic book, it should be marked—adults only. How you and others can enjoy money made from junk like this is beyond me.

Betty Campbell
Ohio

We refer reader Campbell to HELPI issue No. 13.—eds.



Plainly marked

I just thought I'd write and tell you how much I enjoy your magazine. By the looks of the attached clipping, I

structions like a 20-year-old midget. Through the clever application of verbal persuasion, child psychology, and a bit of candy balanced on the button, we got the pose.

THE BIG MARCH

Until you've been to Washington, D.C. with 200,000 people you just haven't been to Washington. At least that's what we figured, so we sent cartoonist Paul Coker, and writer Chuck Alverson on the Freedom March held in our nation's capital on August 28.

On August 29 we found the following terse note on our desk:

Went to Washington. Many Negroes. A gang of whites, too. Major object seemed to be jobs and freedom. Or freedom and jobs, put it that way. Took bus from Harlem. Long, dull, sleepless ride. Big crowd in Washington. Marched from Washington Monument to Lincoln Memorial. Short march. Many speeches.



Frank

Schettini



Coker and Alverson march

Long standing. Except for marchers city seemed deserted. Congress not visibly impressed. We were impressed. No violence. Big mess when marchers left. Took bus back. Coker was smarter. He took

plane. Seems he already has a job and freedom. Narrow point of view, that.

See page 11 for fuller amplification of the way HELPI did its bit for jobs and freedom.

SWAM FOR HELP Fishing Boat Skipper

(N.Z. Press Association)

AUCKLAND, September 1. A Coromandel man, Mr G. Hale, swam 200 yards through heavy seas and forced his way through bush and scrub

Someone else needs HELP!

I think someone else does too. How about going bi-monthly, I need HELP! more often.

D. Sollit
Christchurch, New Zealand

I'm trying to learn a speak americans and pick em up you mogozine and iss drive me nuts. Whatsama you no print engleesha you print craze. Your needa Help!

Rosco the Yogi Cavaliers
Bensonhurst, Brooklyn

Have just finished reading the

October issue. As usual, I am most enthusiastic about most of it. It was simply great seeing some of your own cartooning... we see much too little of that these days. I am bothered by your frequency of publication and your circulation. I believe the last issue was May, 1963. If it was, then HELPI! No. 19 was two months late. That will never do. Secondly, if your sales are way below what they ought to be, HELPI's circulation department should look into the matter. Of four magazine shops I was in in Fort Lee, New Jersey, only one had a copy of HELPI!, and this store had only one copy. Other satire magazines were stacked alongside HELPI!, each represented with about 10-30 copies each, depending on the title. If you want bigger sales, you've got to get more copies into the limelight, where people can see and buy them. I, myself, purchase two copies of HELPI!, but I doubt that there are too many nuts like myself. Another thing preventing large sales is your quarterly schedule. You don't give the public the opportunity of seeing your

magazine regularly... or frequently enough to get them into the habit of buying it. Oh, I know there are lots of problems in the publishing world that I am completely unaware of, but something has got to be done. I would rather read HELPI! than any other magazine of its type, but because of frequency of publication, (quarterly... sometimes?) I and a hell of a lot of other readers are being forced to participate in the competition.

Bill Warner
New York, N.Y.

I just bought your latest issue of HELPI! and was very disappointed—no Wonder Wart Hog. I am a sign painter here in Erie, and a few months ago two guys from N.Y. State came to my shop and handed me a copy of your mag and asked me if I could put a picture of W.W.H. and his name over the back window of one car and on both front fenders of the other. Well, I did and it went over so good, I guess I have done 12 or 13 cars since. And ever since I have bought your mag so I could keep up with

the Hog. More W.W.H.
Art Schmoyer
Erie, Pa.

Wonder Wart Hog strikes again in this issue! Watch the pig eat pie on page 29.—eds.

I have a violent crush on Wonder Wart Hog. Every night I try to call him with the Hog-signal, but he never comes. What should I do?

Xerxes
Washington, D.C.

Eat pie! —eds.



Pig eats pie!

Please address all mail to HELPI! letters, Department 20, 501 Madison Avenue, N.Y.

Crazy,
we march
on Washington
tomorrow!









It's Madame Nhu!



COLUMBIA'S MOTHRA



DOCTOR IN LOVE



Would you want your
sister to marry one?

Which
sister?



ELEPHANTIES

Herewith we offer a repository of those elephant jokes captured in the American jungle by our far ranging staff for interment in this elephant graveyard.

Q: How can you tell there's an elephant in your ice box? A: By the footprints in the cream cheese.

Q: Why do elephants have trunks? A: Because they don't have a glove compartment.

Q: Why do elephants have flat feet? A: So they can stomp out forest fires.

Q: Why do elephant babies have flat feet? A: From jumping out of trees.



Q: Why do elephants have wrinkled knees? A: From playing marbles.

Q: How do you make an elephant float? A: With two scoops of ice cream, an elephant and some rootbeer.

Q: How can you tell there's an elephant in your bathtub? A: You can smell the peanuts on his breath.

Q: How do you prevent an elephant from charging? A: Take away his credit card.

Q: Why are elephants gray? A: So you can tell them from blueberries.

Q: What did Tarzan say when he saw the elephants coming? A: "Here comes the elephants."

Q: What did Jane say when she saw the elephants coming? A: "Here comes the blueberries," because she is colorblind.



Q: Why do elephants wear sneakers? A: To creep up on mice.

Q: Why do elephants wear green sneakers? A: To hide in the tall grass.

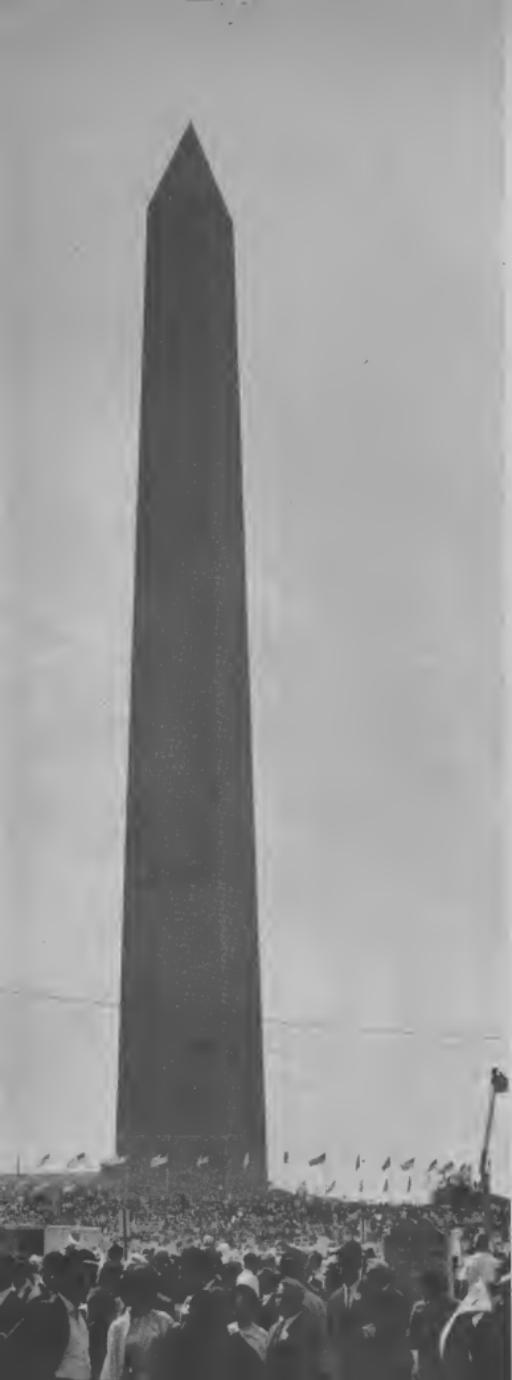
Q: Why do elephants wear red sneakers? A: Because their green ones are in the laundry.



Q: Why don't elephants play basketball? A: Because they don't make round basketball shoes.

Q: What did General deGaulle say when he saw the elephants coming over the hill? A: "Voila les elephantes over the hill."

Q: How did the man put elephants in the car? A: 3 in front, 3 in back.



The GREAT WASHINGTON MARCH

BY

PAUL COKER AND CHARLES ALVERSON

It was with some trepidation that our merry crew—myself, cartoonist Paul Coker and associate editor, Terry Gilliam, went up to Congress of Racial Equality headquarters, 125th Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue, to catch the bus to the August 28th Washington March for Jobs and Freedom.

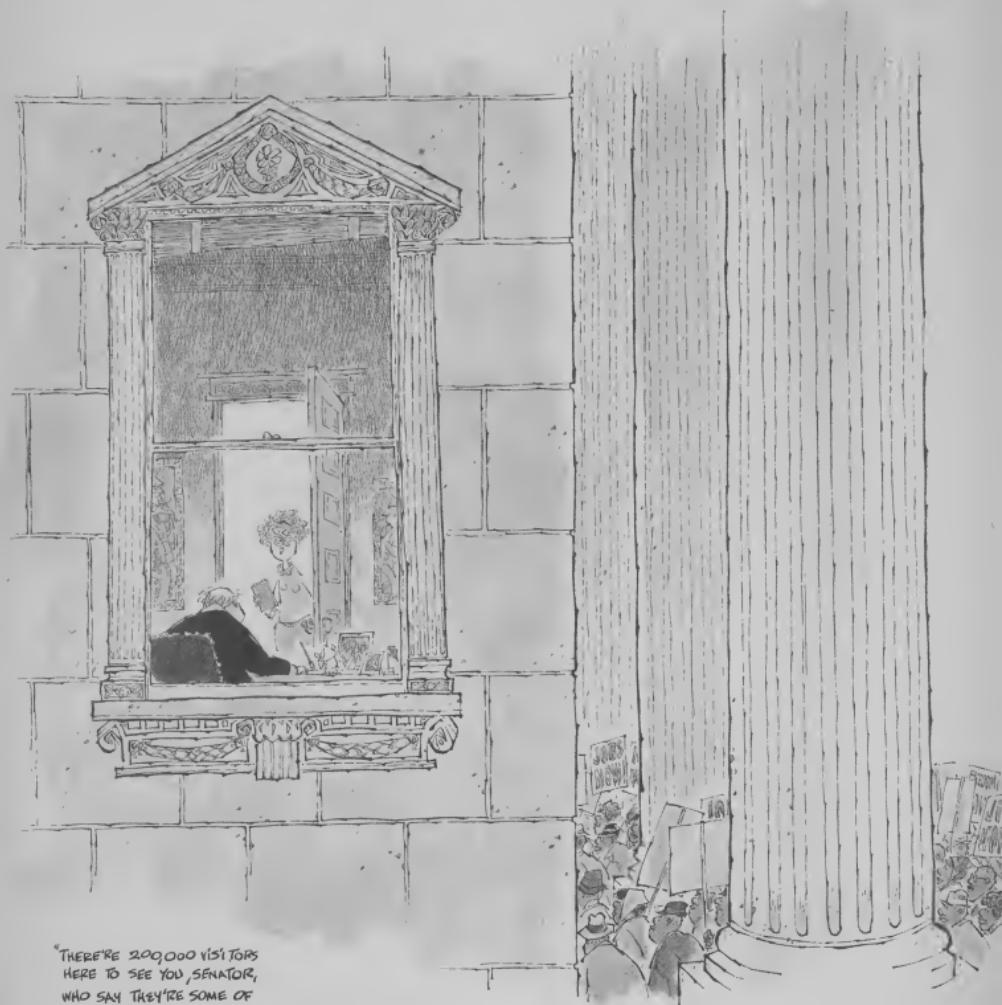
We didn't know quite what to expect in Harlem, having heard in the lower regions of Manhattan that *(Continued on page 16)*



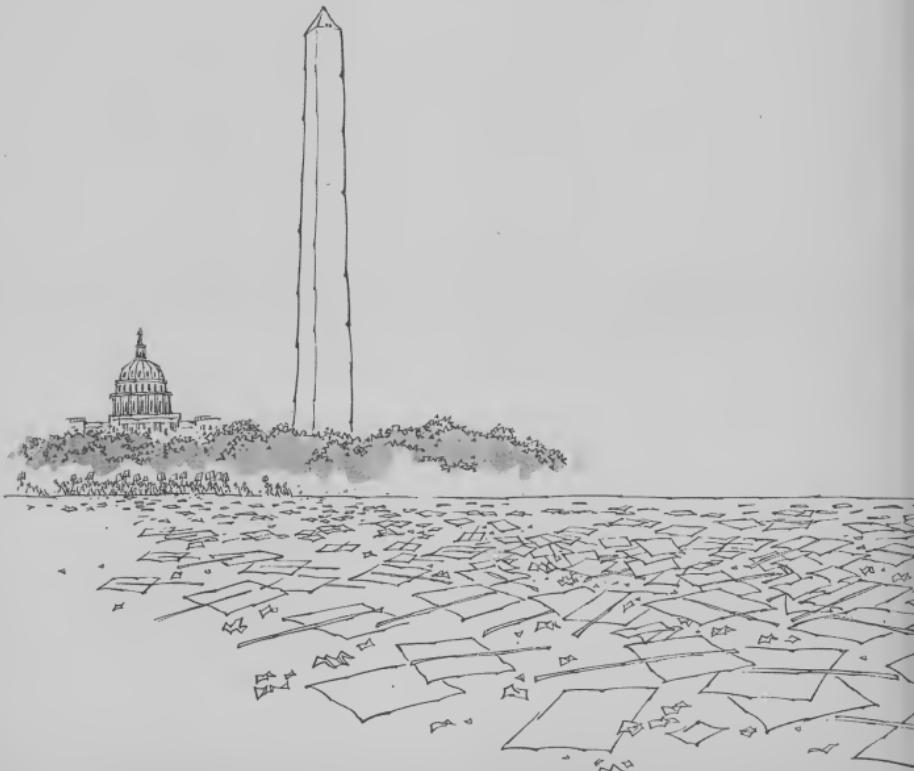


"You didn't tell me there were going to be colored people here!", says Alverson as Coker takes a beady-eyed camera bead on the throng.





"THERE'RE 200,000 VISITORS
HERE TO SEE YOU, SENATOR,
WHO SAY THEY'RE SOME OF
YOUR BEST FRIENDS."





(Continued from page 11)

Negro discontent had turned this area into a hotbed of Black Nationalists hungry for Caucasian blood. But our fears were allayed when there appeared from Lenox Avenue a phalanx of Negro chorus boys, dressed in white tuxedos, top hats and fluorescent ties, tap dancing up a storm. And when Bojangles Robinson and a little girl the spitting image of Shirley Temple came tapping and singing down 125th Street we knew that relations between the races had not broken down completely.

Then we were herded into our bus—to the rear of the bus—strangely enough—and the trek to Washington was on. The countryside of New Jersey and Delaware, shrouded in darkness, offered little to break the monotony. But in Maryland as dawn was breaking we passed a gang of slaves working in the field under the stern gaze of an overseer. An early riser on the bus shouted "Freedom!" at them. The overseer waved his bullwhip in a friendly fashion, but his charges stared uncomprehendingly as our bus emblazoned with "Jobs and Freedom" sped toward Washington. I swear I heard one of the slaves mutter: "Hell, I got me a job," but I might have been mistaken.

During the night the bus made stops for gas and food, and only the fact that the restaurants didn't cater to Negroes prevented the majority of the bus riders from getting refreshments. Several of our fellow Freedom Marchers asked us if we wouldn't bring them a bite to eat, but we felt that it wouldn't quite be right to indirectly deny the owner of the restaurant the right to choose his patrons and make his private property rights a mockery. We were sorry to have to come to this decision.

Washington, D.C., was a welcome sight. As our bus rolled into the city, we noticed—it may have been sheer coincidence—that the street we entered on seemed to be exclusively inhabited by Negroes. We waved as we went by, but our greetings drew few responses from the natives, who seemed intent on stealing hubcaps, plotting miscegenation and practicing uppity retorts for their white employers.

Once our bus parked, we set off

to find out just what this march was all about. Since it was early, we placed a call to George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi headquarters in Arlington, Va. A cheery voice answered: "American Nazis: where the elite meet to eschew the Jew; Oberlieutenant Krueger speaking; George Lincoln ain't here." We learned that Rockwell and a few of the faithful were at 14th and Constitution Avenue counter-demonstrating, using the motto: "Slavery and Unemployment."

But upon arriving at that corner, we found only a sallow-skinned, neo-Aryan youth in a Heinrich Himmler sweatshirt who told us the Nazis had been there but left after noting the number of Negroes present. They were attending, the youth said, a member's Bar Mitzvah.

Disappointed by this apparent faintheartedness on the part of Rockwell, we joined the gathering of marchers at the Washington Monument. It resembled nothing so much as an Iowa picnic in blackface. Cries of "Let's hear it from Beetleville, Georgia!" and "We have a lost boy at the information booth. He says his name is Orval Faubus," came from platforms. Worried minor officials fretted over delegations from St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and on down the line. "Where are you?" they repeated over the microphones to an impressive silence.

Then as if someone had turned on a giant faucet, the marchers began pouring toward the Lincoln Memorial, and their leaders scrambled down from the platforms to do a little leading. A few Government employees stuck their heads out of windows but soon grew bored and went back inside to sleep.

Inside a press tent set up at the side of the Memorial the assembled reporters drank free cokes, picked up vast amounts of releases and watched the action on a television set. "Might get a sun stroke," one of them said. At the top of the Memorial steps, a series of folk singers—Peter, Paul and Mary, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan and others—sang songs pertinent to the civil rights issue from their latest albums, and a couple of motion picture stars spoke movingly of their next pictures. Then the leaders of the

march began to address the marchers.

As the leaders of the greatest demonstration ever held in the Capital spoke of freedom, equal opportunity and job equality, marchers talked, flirted, slept and dangled their feet in the pond in front of the Lincoln Memorial, distressing the goldfish no end. Some listened to the speeches. Bored Washington cops stood around fingering their clubs and warily eying armed off-duty Negro cops from New York who had come down to help with the march. Several muttered about the folly of allowing "nigras with guns" in the city.

Pennsylvania Avenue at this time was a ghost town. Shopkeepers stood in doorways lying to each other about last year's profits and cursing "partisan pressure groups" which kept business off of the streets. Inside the dim bars, bartenders told nostalgic stories about how "we handled 'em in the old days" and snapped their bar towels at flies.

Up on Capitol Hill, the House of Representatives argued about the number of firemen it took to run a Diesel engine, and in the Senate a dispute raged about the number of angels that could dance on the point of a pin. Only the most pressing National business kept them from attending the demonstration at the Lincoln Memorial. Lobbyists in the halls spoke scornfully of the "amateurs down their praying when they should be up here paying."

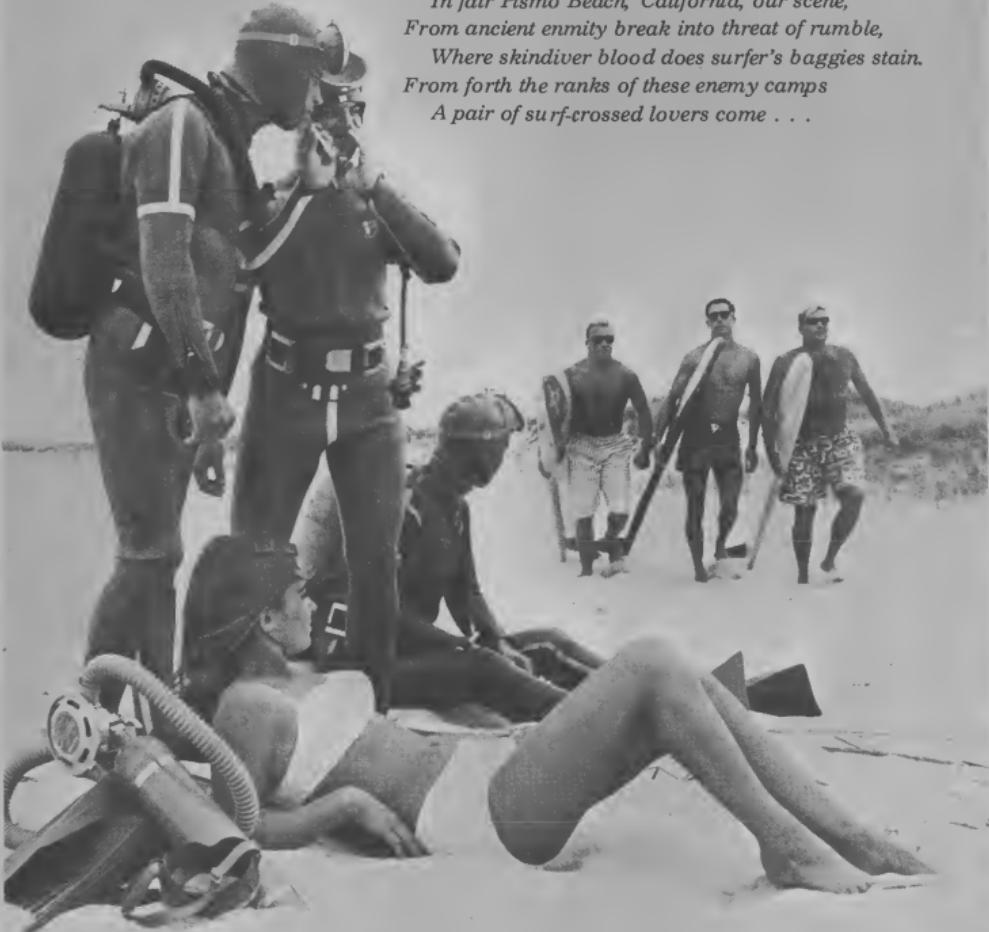
Down at the Memorial the last speaker finished addressing the foot-sore and restless marchers. Then children and picnic baskets were picked up, and the marchers filed to their trains and buses, leaving behind them memories of the most colossal demonstration in the Capital's history and a king-sized headache for the sanitation department.

As the last bus left the city later in the evening, a monumental sigh was heard over the city. Telephone wires hummed with thousands of versions of: "You can come back, Martha, and bring the kids. They've left the city. What? No, no trouble at all. I think basically they know they have no real gripes. Just wanted to let off a little steam, that's all." And night blanketed our nation's capital.

—C. Alverson

SURFSIDE STORY by Chuck Alverson

*Two water sports, both alike in fanaticism,
In fair Pismo Beach, California, our scene,
From ancient enmity break into threat of rumble,
Where skindiver blood does surfer's baggies stain.
From forth the ranks of these enemy camps
A pair of surf-crossed lovers come . . .*



Tom Coburn as Foamy • Jocki Pratt as Marina • The Surfs; Don Thornton, George Fisher • The Fish; Bob Schettini, Wally Frank, Mark Forstater • Photography by Ronnie Rojas • Skin-diving equipment by Richards Aqua-Lung Center

When you're a Surf you're first on the turf; you're a ho-daddie, man and never a nerf.
When you're a Surf you're aloof on the roof of a high-flyin' wave which may be your grave.



Your hair is uncombed, your skin is dark complected.
At home on the waves, you're never dejected—

—You're well-respected!



When you're a fish you're
in first-rate posish,
And all other groups ain't
worth a knish—



Then you're a Surf,
with a capital S,
Which you'll never regret till
your hairdo's a mess.
When you're a Surf, you stay
a Surf!



When you're a fish and the
barf hits the fan,
you're a—

Oof!

Oop!

Ow!



Besides, our voices haven't changed yet.

Especially with flippers on.

This choreography's a drag.



About you guys using the water, we want it stopped.

Stopped? Where are we supposed to surf... in the kiddie pool

That's your problem. The ocean is our turf, and it isn't big enough for both the Fish and the Surfs!

Well, what about you guys? You know the beach this side of the hot dog stand is Surf turf.



Hey, that's catchy. Imagine that—Surf turf.

Yeah, Surf turf!
Har-de-har-har!

Boy, if it wasn't almost suppertime, we'd give you goofs such a smack. Just remember, stay off of our side of the beach. Let's go, guys!





MARINA!

FOAMY!



(whisper) Gotta go.
See you tonight at 8
by the lifeguard
stand.

(whisper)
Gotcha.



F'heaven's sake, come
away and stop fraternizin'
with our mortal enemy!

Stick to
your own
kind!



Jeeze,
I sure wouldn't want my
sister to go steady with one
of them.

LATER . . .



Foamy! I
thought you'd
chicken out.
You're late.

Sorry, it
was my
turn to wash
the dishes.



But
at least we're
alone now without
the Surfs and Fish
(mortal enemies
to the man).

Yes, they'll
never find us
out here.

AHA!



We told you a
million times, Marina,
Surfs is finks.

I don't
understand it, Foamy, waddya want
to hang around with that Fish girl when you
already got a surfboard?



I'll teach
you to KLONK
me!

CRUNCH!

I'll teach
you to SNAP
me!

Maim!

Destroy!

HIT!

Cripple!

OOF!

Ev-
ery-
body!
Every-
body! Stop!
We may be
Fish and you
be Surfs,
but we're
all Amer-
icans
!

Okay,
Marina. No
rumble today.
Why should we
bother with these
wimps while
we've still
got full
tanks?

Let's
go, Surfs.
Why waste time
with these frogs
when there are
heavies rolling
in?

LATER . . .

Foamy!
I can't give
you up. They've
threatened to take
away my flippers, but
when I see you in those
baggies I actually get
narcosis of the deep
right there on
the beach.

Marina!
I'd rather
get a ding
in my new
board than
lose you,
babyl!

But we're safe
Nobody knows I came
out here today—

AHA!

Marina! Why are you forsaking your own kind
to hang around with this Surf nerf? Aren't you
ashamed to be seen with one of "them"?



"They're" so
gauche.



"They" can't
tell a
wet suit
from a
slurp-gun

GLUG!
GLUG!



"They can't
even stay
under water.

LATER . . .

Marina! Are you sure nobody saw you
come over here?

I'm sure, but
the Fish are getting ugly
about me seeing you. Some-
body filled my air tanks
with lukewarm tapioca
yesterday and I
almost drowned.



But now
we're
alone
and—

AH-

HAA!



Foamy! Don't
you know that
she's a
Fish wench?



Don't you know
she's one of
"them?" Don't
you know "they're"
different?



Don't you know they have
tanks and hoses and things?

Ugh! How can
you stand to
kiss one?



LATER . . .

Say, has anyone seen Marina? She hasn't been diving much lately.

She hasn't been the same ever since she met that surf nerf.

Talk about a surf nerf . . . Look!



Haw! Look! at the clumsy oaf!

HAW HAW!

HAW! HO!
HA!
HA!

(gasp!) MARINA!

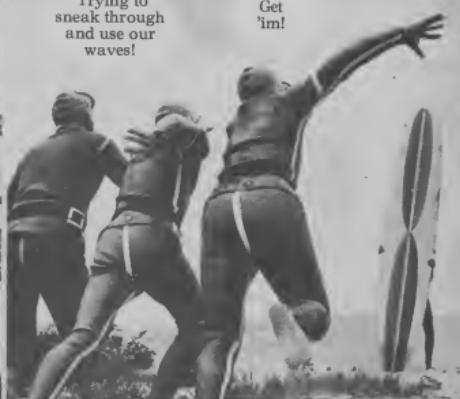


LATER . . .

Is Marina sick? I haven't seen her all week!

Trying to sneak through and use our waves!

Get 'im!



Never mind Marina. I see a surf nerf on our turf!

Let him have it!

Got him.

Who is it!

(gasp!)
Marina!

LATER...

Has Marina been around lately!

I haven't seen her down here for a month.

Forget Marina. Let's have some fun with the Surfs.

Pssst! There's a Surf waiting for a wave now.

Haw! Let's just grab them big feet.

SPLOSH!

Haw!
There's another pair of big feet!

SPA-

LOOSH!



Marina . . . this is too much! You have been found guilty of fraternization. The Fish have voted to drum you out of the club. Turn in your tanks, your mask, your spear-guns and your weights.



Let this
be a lesson
to all Fish who
don't stick to
their own kind.
Let's go, men.

Filthy
business,
this!





Well,
let them
take my
flippers!
I'm not alone.
I've got
Foamy!
He'll take
me in. He'll
welcome
me to the
Surfs with
open arms.

I want
to belong,
Foamy.

Foamy?

I'm
not Foamy. I'm
Marvin!



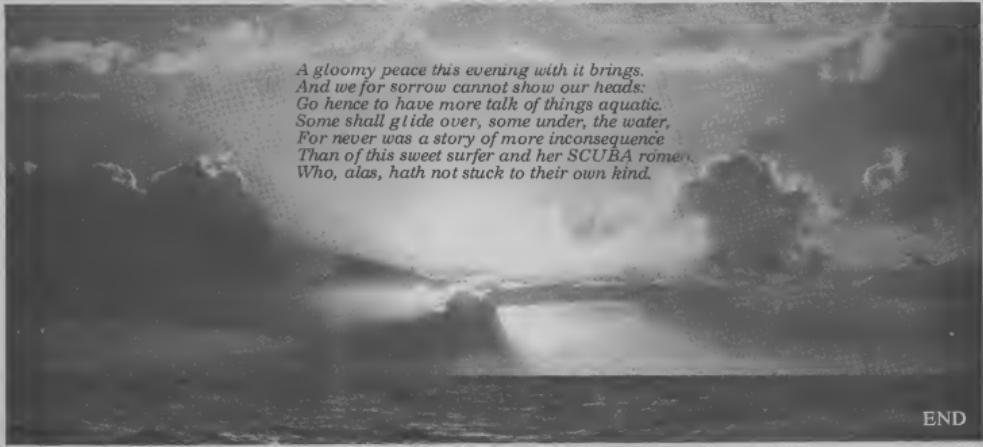
Foamy! Foamy! I've left the
Fish. I've left those bigots! I've
torn up my roots! I want to
be a Surf!

I'm
Foamy!

—Damn
Fish-lover
left the Surfs
long ago.



*A gloomy peace this evening with it brings.
And we for sorrow cannot show our heads:
Go hence to have more talk of things aquatic.
Some shall glide over, some under, the water,
For never was a story of more inconsequence
Than of this sweet surfer and her SCUBA Rome.
Who, alas, hath not stuck to their own kind.*

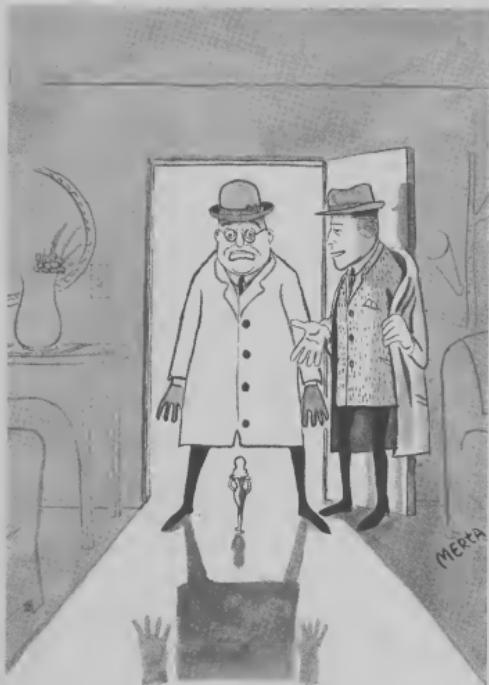


END



"Buy G*ll*te or I'll kick your ass!"

Terry Gilliam/Joel Siegel



"Boss, meet the little lady."

Paul Merton

help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP will pay a munificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP 501 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope to ensure return of all rejections.



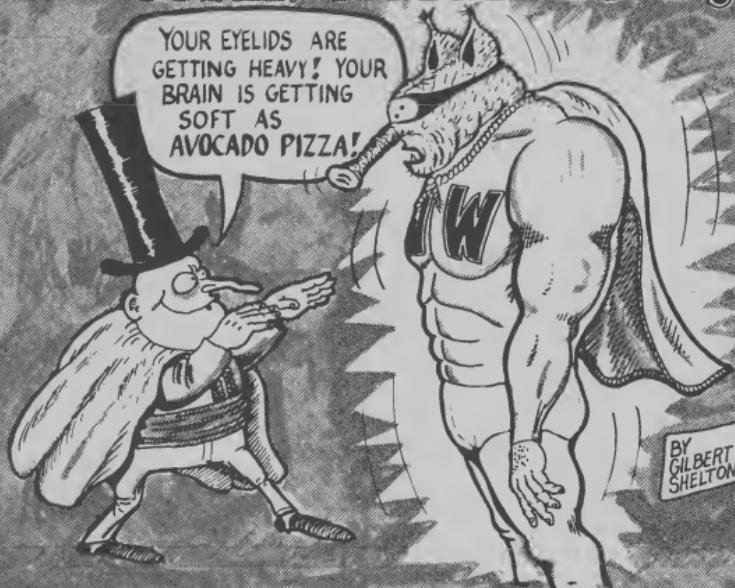
"How wonderful, Mildred. You've been pinned!"

Skip Williamson

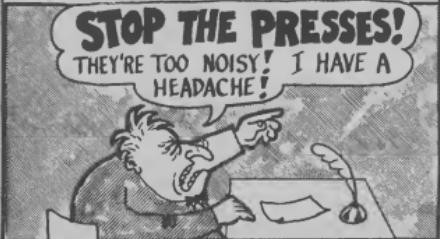


Manuel Leite

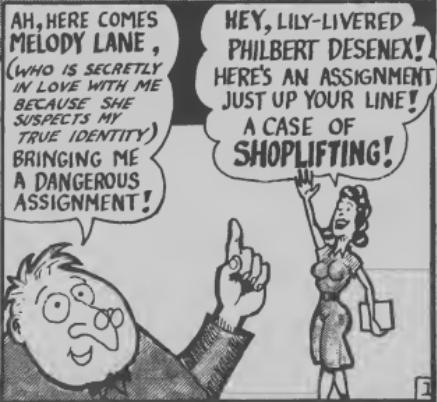
WONDER WART HOG MEETS SUPER-HYPNOTIST!



HIGH IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT MEGATROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER SITS PHILBERT DESENEX (WHO BEHIND A THIN VENEER OF RESPECTABILITY IS ACTUALLY WONDER WART HOG) WRITING STORIES OF GREAT IMPORT...

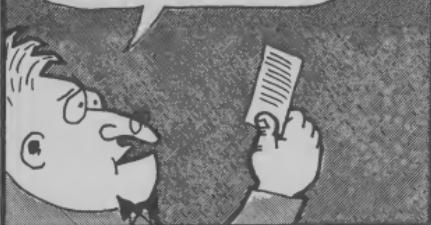


AH, HERE COMES MELODY LANE, (WHO IS SECRETLY IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE SHE SUSPECTS MY TRUE IDENTITY) BRINGING ME A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT!



SHOPLIFTING, EH? (I SERIOUSLY DOUBT IF THIS WARRANTS A CHANGE INTO THE WONDER WART HOG COSTUME, ESPECIALLY SINCE EVERY TIME I SWITCH INTO THAT COSTUME I INADVERTENTLY RIP MY DRESS-SHIRT AND SUIT INTO RIBBONS!)
I'LL LOOK INTO IT!

HM! HERE'S THE PLACE ~ A HUGE DEPARTMENT STORE, ADEQUATELY GUARDED! I DON'T SEE HOW ANY SHOPLIFTING GETS DONE HERE!



I'M THE MANAGER, MR. DESENEX, AND THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE! NO MATTER WHAT PRECAUTION WE TAKE, EVERY DAY AT 3:27 PM. THE SHOPLIFTERS STRIKE! AND WE CAN'T STOP THEM!

CAN'T STOP THEM?
AND WHY NOT?

BECAUSE EVERYONE GOES BERSERK AND TURNS INTO A SHOPLIFTER! THE GUARDS TOO! THEY GO MAD EVERY DAY AT EXACTLY 3:27...

GOOD LORD!
IT'S 3:27 NOW!
LOOK OUT!



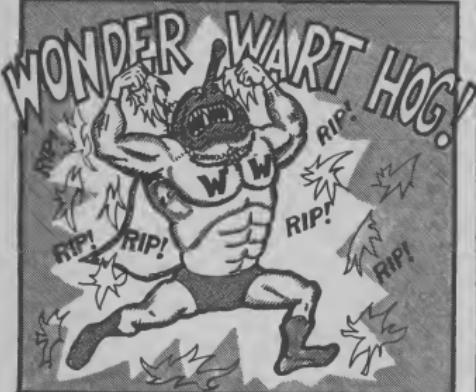
EXCUSE ME, MR. MANAGER, AND I'LL TAKE THIS NEW TAPE RECORDER AND GO INTERVIEW ONE OF THE THIEVES!

O GOD!
NOT HIM, TOO!



I HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE SO I COULD CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME! I DIDN'T REALLY NEED TO TAKE THAT TAPE RECORDER, BUT SOMETHING STRANGE CAME OVER ME AND I HAD TO...

I WONDER IF IT COMES UNDER CAPITAL GAINS?
BUT NEVER MIND! THIS IS A JOB FOR...



LATER...

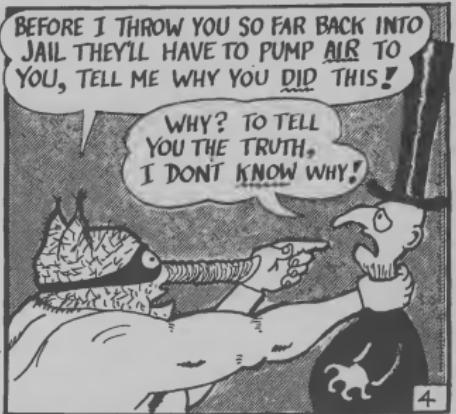
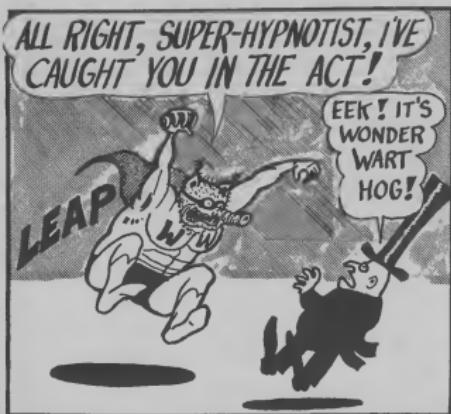
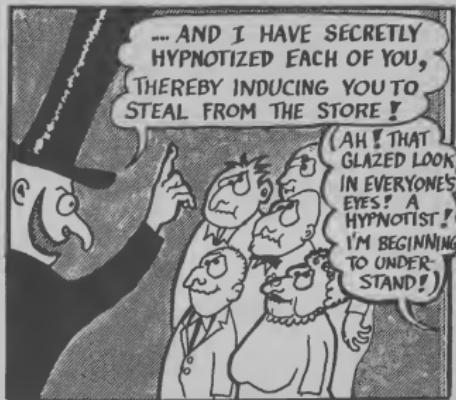
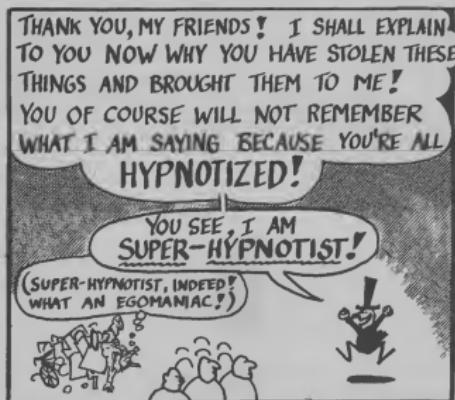
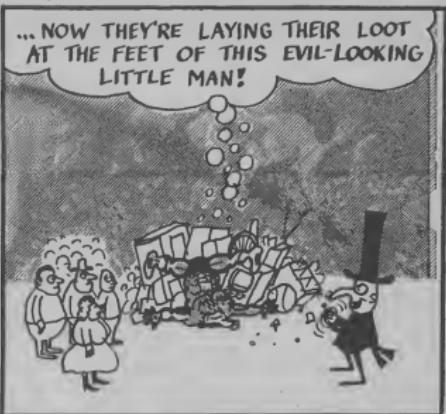
(I'VE DISGUISED MYSELF AS A STUFFED TOY, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG AND SHOPLIFT ME! THIS WAY I'LL GET TO THE ROOT OF THE PROBLEM!)



AH! IT'S 3:27 NOW!
HERE COMES THE MOB!

ISN'T THIS STRANGE! I'M BEING SHOPLIFTED BY A SWEET LITTLE GRANNY-LADY!





HEE HEE! I'LL TELL YOU WHY! BECAUSE
HE'S NOT SUPER-HYPNOTIST AT ALL!
I'M SUPER-HYPNOTIST, AND I HYPNOTIZED
HIM TO HYPNOTIZE EVERYBODY ELSE!

IT'S THE SWEET
LITTLE GRANNY-LADY!

I HATED THAT DEPARTMENT STORE BECAUSE
OF THOSE SIGNAL-CHIMES THAT GO
“DING-DING” ALL THE TIME! THEY
WARPED MY MIND! I HAD TO
DESTROY THE STORE, SO...

... SO YOU INVENTED
THIS HEINOUS SHOPLIFTING
PLOT! ALL RIGHT, SWEET
LITTLE GRANNY-CRIMINAL,
THE JIG IS UP!

... YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

DAMN! FOR A LITTLE OLD
GRANNY-LADY, SHE SURE CAN
RUN LIKE THE DICKENS!

SHE'S HEADING
BACK TO THE
DEPARTMENT
STORE!

AHA! GOTCHA!

DEPARTMENT STORE
PAstry DEPT.

EAT PIE, PIG!

O FOR THE GOOD OL' DAYS, WHEN ARCH-CRIMINALS WERE BIG UNSHAVEN CLOUTS WHO THREW HOT LEAD INSTEAD OF LEMON MERINGUE!

HOW IS A CRIME-FIGHTER TO MAINTAIN THE PROPER AURA OF DIGNITY WHEN HE IS COVERED WITH STICKY GOO?

I SUPPOSE IN THIS CASE I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SMALL BREACH OF ETIQUETTE...



GRANNY-LADY, YOU DIE!

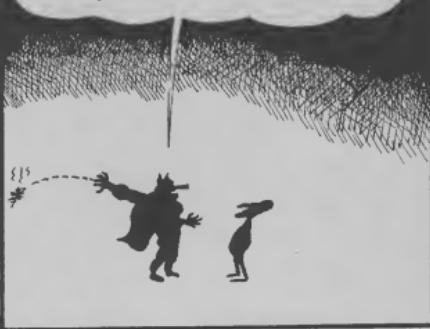


(ECH! GAG!) HERE'S YOUR CRIMINAL! I'LL TAKE MY REWARD NOW!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOUR REWARD IN MERCHANDISE!



I'LL TAKE \$5,000 WORTH OF NEW SUITS! I HAVE THIS BAD HABIT...

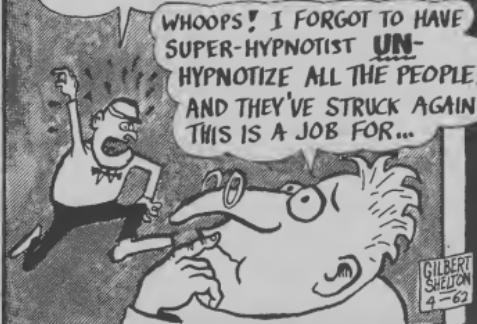


LATER... PHILBERT DESENEX! QUICK! THE SHOPLIFTERS HAVE STRUCK AGAIN!

WHOOPS! I FORGOT TO HAVE SUPER-HYPNOTIST UN-HYPNOTIZE ALL THE PEOPLE! AND THEY'VE STRUCK AGAIN! THIS IS A JOB FOR...

...DAMNATION! THIS NEW SUIT IS MADE OUT OF NYLON! IT WON'T RIP TO PIECES! ALL IT DOES IS STRETCH!

OOF! GROAN! GRUNT! UGH! PANT! DAMN!



to be
Continued
(perhaps)



"I can't understand why Dougherty always volunteers for this detail."



"Harold's been with the movement right from its start."

Stewart Schwartzberg

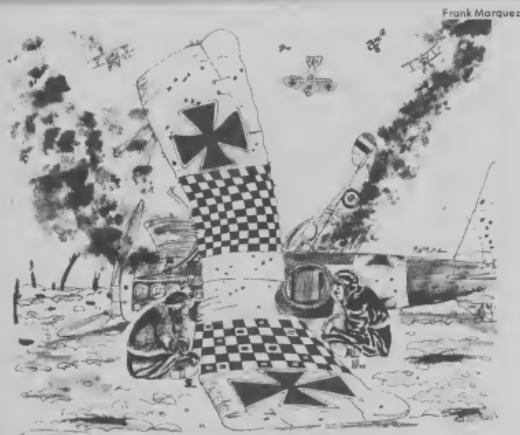


"Let me just say, Miss Maddox, that by refusing to wear slacks you've completely negated the dignity of the demonstration."

"Don't be an idiot Hans, you'll be killed jumping at this height!!"



Frank Marquez



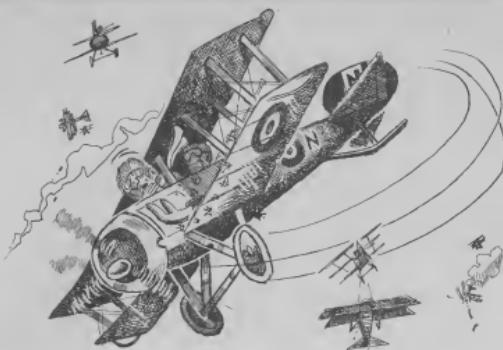
Dennis Ellietson



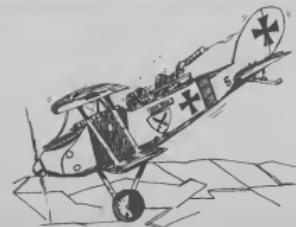
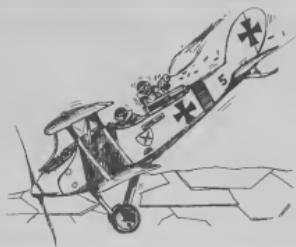
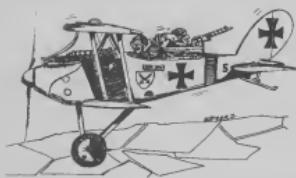
Dennis Ellietson



"You idiot, that was our lunch!"



"They . . . they got me! Right in the scarf!"



Frank Marquez

My First GOLDEN Book of GOD



by Joel Siegel illustrated by Hank Hinton

In the beginning there was nothing.
Nothing, nothing, nothing.



Nothing, nothing, nothing

And then God said, "Let there be light!"
And there was still nothing.

And then God took two sticks and rubbed them together.
Look at God rub.
Rub God, rub.
And God made light and he looked at it and said,
"This is good."
God was conceited.
Conceited, conceited, conceited.
And on the first six days God created heaven and earth and all the living things.
Look at God create.
Create God, create.
For six days God created and on the seventh day God sat back and laughed.
"Boy, I showed 'em." Said God.
And God did show 'em,
for the day before God created people.



Rub God, rub

In the Garden of Eden God created
Dick and Jane.
We will have fun with Dick and Jane.
Look, see Dick!
Look, see Jane!
See their dog Spot!
See their cat Puff!
See Dick eat apples!
See Jane eat apples!
See Spot eat Puff!
Wait! God is mad!
God sends Dick and Jane out of
the Garden of Eden.
God is not mad because they
were eating apples,
God is mad because they were sinning.



Create God, create

Eating apples is only symbolic.
Symbolic, symbolic, symbolic.
You will learn all about that in college.
They don't talk about that kind of thing in
Sunday school.
Then Cain killed Abel.
"Thank God," said God.
"Man found something he likes
better than sinning."
No, it is not a sin to kill.
Killing is patriotic.
But God was wrong.
Wrong, wrong, wrong.



Sin, sin, sin

People would rather sin.
Or maybe God was right.
Anyway, people began to sin.
Look at the people sin.
Sin, sin, sin.
And God got mad at people.
He said, "You people should not sin."
But the people sinned anyway.
So God decided to start all over again.
God sent Noah on his ark with his family
and two of every species of every animal.
"Hey God, what about my kid's Bar Mitzvah
next month at the Hanging Gardens?" Noah asked.
"You go on that ark!" said God.



Drip, drip, drip

Noah went.

"Noah," his wife said.

"You may be a fine carpenter,
but you're chicken!"

"Besides, what am I going to do with
all that potato salad?"

Noah went anyway.

And it began to rain.

It rained hard.

Drip, drip, drip.

It rained very hard.

Drip, drip, drip, drip, drip.

It rained for forty days and forty nights.

Drip, drip, drip.

It rained so hard the earth was
a ball of water.

And there was no land.

Drip, drip, drip.

It rained so hard and there was so much
water that everything that wasn't on
Noah's ark drowned.

Even the fishes drowned.

See the fishes drown?

Drown fishes, drown.

Glug, glug, glug.

Then, it stopped raining,

And Noah landed on Mount Ararat
with his three sons.

Noah's sons wandered to the
corners of the earth
propogating their races.

See Noah's sons propogate.

Propogate, propogate, propogate.

Noah's son, Ham, was father
of the Hammites
who inhabit the dark continent of Africa.
Noah's son, Japheth, was father
of the Japhethites who inhabit the
Indo-European nations.

Noah's son, Shem, was father of the Semites
who inhabit Palestine, the Fertile Cr̄scnt, and
Fairfax Ave.

As you see, the oriental people do not exist.

Barry Goldwater is with God,

Red China does not exist at all.

But pretty soon people began
sinning all over again.

Wow!

And God got mad all over again.

And God said, "First time it was water,
next time it's going to be fire.

And God is right.

Next time it will be fire and everything will burn.

Burn, burn, burn.

And you will burn and I will burn.

Even your mommy and your daddy and
your dog, Queenie, will burn.

And even Caroline Kennedy and
her mommy and her daddy and all her
aunts and uncles will burn.

And then the fire will burn out and there
will be darkness.

See the darkness?

Don't be silly, how can you see darkness!
And in the end there will be nothing.

Nothing, nothing, nothing.



Nothing, nothing, nothing

The MUTT AND JEFF CARTOONS OF BUD FISHER



This cartoon feature which has become a part of the English language dates back to 1907 when young Harry Conway (Bud) Fisher created one of the very first American comic strips.

Originally, there was Augustus Mutt, a harried horseplayer. Six months later there was Jeff (after Jeffries of the Jeffries-Johnson fight). The original strip had a brash, sports-oriented quality which was no accident, since Fisher had previously been the sports cartoonist for the San Francisco Chronicle.

Nineteen-Hundred and Seven is gone, and Fisher is gone (1954), but, his work is here as it originally appeared in Hearst's San Francisco Examiner half a century ago.















UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL'S 6 BLACK HORSES





Forget it.
I'd just as soon
starve to
death..



Wowee, gang,
isn't there any
HELP! around
here?



Your
pardon,
sir—but,
I need
HELP!



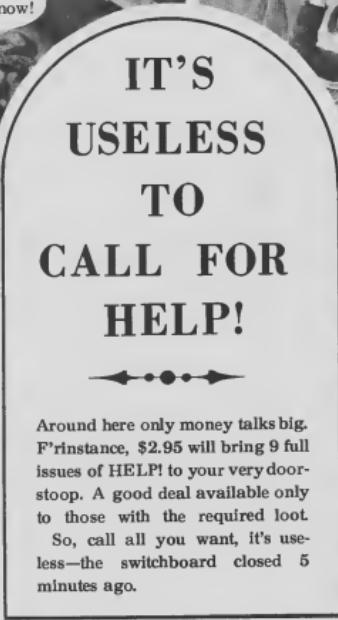
Criminy,
won't someone go
for HELP!



Boy oh boy, I'd sure
like HELP! right now!



Golly,
Murray,
what I
need is
HELP!



IT'S USELESS TO CALL FOR HELP!



Around here only money talks big.
For instance, \$2.95 will bring 9 full
issues of HELP! to your very doorstop.
A good deal available only
to those with the required loot.

So, call all you want, it's use-
less—the switchboard closed 5
minutes ago.



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see page 17



see page 41



see page 11



see page 46



see page 10